THE PERFECT HUSBAND

Another of The Star's First-Run Fiction Series by America's Leading Authors

By Frank Norris

since he had laid a hand upon her in

the violence of her grief and the un-

hind the harsh voice and slow,

clumsy words there stirred within

cream reached her consciousness

was aware he had forsaken the topic

"I let you live your own life; you

your own friends. I never ask you

how or why you spend the money

go by without depositing your check

in the bank. I never question what

you do with yourself all day; all I ask

of you is to run the house and keep

things nice. I don't see how you've

got much fault to find with me. f

don't go out nights, and I've never

looked at another woman in all my

Lucy listened until she could stand

no more. With wet tears staining

suddenly straightened herself and

faced him, her lip trembling, her

hands half outstretched to him across

"Oh, Tom, Tom!" she cried, "I don't

care how moral you are! I don't care

anything about other women. I don't

care whether you go after them or

not! Seek them, kiss them! Gamble,

kind-be kind! Don't be so ugly and

smoke and drink! Deny yourself

her cheeks, her face convulsed, she

Now some men-

the table.

don't drink or gamble or smoke; I,

erately, pushed away his plate, and lounging back in his chair, sucked the wind through his teeth with little smacking noises of his tongue. Then he leisurely folded the morning newspaper, rose, took his hat and coat from the closet, and stalked out of the apartment without a word, sharply slamming the outer door

Lucy sat on, thinking, A look of hopeher face. That was Tom-that was another dreary spell of surliness. She thought ever the thirteen years of her married life; she visioned the thirteen haps. That was to be her fate, yoked turn overheard, that might follow-the twenty-six perto a churl, uncouth and ill-mannered, to the decency of listening to her who was insensible of how he offended And the thought that infuriated her most was that Tom regarded himself as a perfect husband, faithful, good, enerous, devoted to her and to his home! It was true enough. In fairness, Lucy had to admit that Tom was generous; he was faithfulness itself; he carned a good salary; he saved; he home and gave her an ample allow-ance. He considered that by this he intimately acquainted with Mrs. and regarded the cause of their constant bickerings, which recently he had door. The two women visited each chosen to treat in moody silence, as be- other, made frequent shopping trips ing entirely his wife's responsibility. He never missed an opportunity to point each other's kitchen. Lucy reout to her that he had no vices; he garded Mrs. Gray with undisguised did not even smoke. He regarded her envy; she considered her the most sourly as an ungrateful spouse-a eranky, unreasonable, nervous woman.

and moaned. Tom was so egregi- Alice Gray could be happy. ously stupid, so self-satisfied, so blind. She could have forgiven his obtuseness, Every day of his life he unconsciously shouted her into silence.

the cream was sour and she had casu- buy her a hat. ally remarked that she didn't see how She had said nothing in reply; she had midst of the breakfast she had suddenly put her clasped hands down before her on the table and said her say the happy circumstances that were that came into his face as he listened, and reaching for an argument that husband, she did long with all her train? would strengthen her words, she had soul for some degree of contentment

the breakfast table. Lucy Val- ventilation a bedroom window of each lentine bent her head, and unseeing poked at her food. Her husband finished his ham and eggs delibconversations that went on between their unsuspecting neighbors, unabashed.

Lucy loved the way in which the Grays spoke to each other. It was so different from that to which she was accustomed. The man had extraordinary nuances in his voice; it was beautifully modulated, and when he happened to address his wife as "my dear," lessness, almost of despair, settled upon it was like a caress. Tom chose to ridicule the little intimate things they her face. That was Tom-that was said to one another, and to imitate Mr. the way Tom acted; they were in for Gray's manner. It made Lucy acutely uncomfortable, for she admired Mrs. Gray, was genuinely fond of her, and was in terror lest Tom should be in

Lucy had had her misgivings as friend's confidential murmurings with her husband, but she assured herself that her motive was not unworthy curiosity. It was merely that she enjoyed with a hungry soul the manner in which this particular husband and wife spoke to each other. It was beautiful, it soothed her, it was like exquisite distant music.

Gray since that lady had moved next together and sometimes lunched in fortunate woman she knew. She had looks, plenty of clothes, an exquis-LUCY rocker her head in her hands had an adoring husband. No wonder itely furnished apartment and she

Mr. Gray was an interior decorator He was often away for several days but she could not forgive his rudeness, at a time when he went to supervise the work on some rich man's counaffronted her, and almost as frequently try home. He returned home, always did so deliberately. He growled at her, with a trifling present for his wife-a sneered at her, and when crossed, bangle, a pair of silver buckles, a lacquered box or perhaps only a hand-She had rebelled this morning. The ful of jonquils. Frequently he took her incident that had precipitated the whole out to dinner and the theater, and once, trouble had been of trivial incon- to Lucy's positive knowledge, he had sequence; it always was. Tom had said inveigled her down town in order to

That had seemed to Lucy the that could be since it was the morn- apotheosis of conjugal devotion. Her ing's delivery, and then he had shouted own husband had never brought her at her that he guessed he knew what home unexpectedly a present in all he was talking about, and that when he his life. Once in a great while she said the cream was sour it was sour. induced him to go with her to the theater or the movies. He had never considered his ungraciousness dispas- commented on anything she wore or sionately for a time and then in the took the smallest notice of her hat or gown.

Lucy, considering her own lot and danger of coveting her neighbor's leave with him on the late afternoon



THERE WAS A SULLEN SILENCE ACROSS THE BREAKFAST TABLE.

An Adventure of Aristide Pujol

temperately and earnestly, urging her Mrs. Gray's on this particular morn- for several days and he wanted his Lucky to come with her and help her thrust head and arms into her trim Gray bought a charming hat, the veil right to courteous treatment. She was ing, said to herself with considerable wife to accompany him. Could she pick them out. familiar with the look of displeasure bitterness that while she was in no arrange her affairs to be ready to

Could she? Alice Gray's eyes For Tom hated the Grays, hated serene beauty glowing today with ton, she thought it perfectly sweet everything about them. The suite of rooms these neighbors occupied was on the same floor as the Vallentines'; an air-well separated the two establish-

man in France.

"It means that the person who gave had exquisitely plotted. They had

RISTIDE stood for a while stunned. fused to play for the cheque which

weight on the top of his head, he notes? Aristides found an answer

stupidly and wondered. The waiter on his manipulation of the cards

tailor skirt and reached for the smart and a neat little handbag with nickel little yellow straw hat which he had clasps, and Lucy indulged herself in a much needed electric iron. In buoyant spirits they made a leisurely progress at a late luncheon hour to one of the smart, new French restaurants on Park avenue.

And almost at the entrance way, about to pass through the revolving glass doors to the street, absorbed

"Oh, yes, I know all about it, and mean to me! And sometimes—just and I don't care! Alonzo is all now and then-try to love me a siderate, attentive, deferential; he likes to be with me and to have me with him, and he loves me. Oh, yes,

he does; he loves me truly. Ther have always been women in Alonzo's life. This one happens to be a clever artist. Alonzo employs her as decorator. I even know her name She's Flora Balzanni. You know Bal zanni, the opera singer? She's his divorced wife-and is quite promis cuous. Alonzo has been-well-attentive to her for more than a year Of course, he has no idea I know anything about it and I wouldn't

thank you. "Ah, your cheque, monsieur, that we heaval. He saw it all, the whole Aristide. "I will take you there. We ing a rather hard, cold little smile: ing a rather hard, cold little smile; "I would shock most women. But I believe altogether too much emphasis is placed upon fidelity in marriage. As long as my husband in no way jeopardizes my rights as his Phelan. At Dearborn, he did Henry fickle goddess has for the moment deself with what he does outside his was Joe Hendry and Henry Wood Booth. serted me. But I am loyal. I have home! Frankly, I would rather have father of George Booth, who publishes

him unfaithful to me in an occasional honorably pay my hotel bill. I say 1 himself into besottedness, as many a President Harding (then a candidate). am a soldier of fortune. But," he man does, and bring home to me a and finished him at Washington. throbbing head, a nasty temper, and honorable one on the continent of a rancid breath. Alonzo satisfies me; thing. In truth, the times were just he more than adequately fulfills his ripe for it. He returned to Paris, bringpart of life's companion with me. ing with him a loan exhibition of his

> closed the door behind her. It seemed cheerless, empty, desolate. with which Alice Gray had infected her all day dropped from her like a cloak addenly falling to the floor. She gazed

She put away her things and set

whipping the unmade beds together,

setting the table. After all, her hus-

band was probably no worse than any

other woman's. She made him a pan of

hot biscuits, of which she knew he was

At 6 o'clock she heard him come in

She heard his creaking steps to the

closet where he always hung his hat and

coat; she heard him creak his way back

to the front room where she knew he

hands or comb his hair. He came just

one wild, sharp shrick.

particularly fond.

days to come.

wide gesture and smiled with fis irresistible ancient mariner's eyes at yellow-cased plano, the carpet with the on proposition of the minister of pub-

and the good Father Abraham and stale and drab.

This has been done in a most inter-

all these cases is the sun.

damation burst from Lucy and she flood of sobbing that beat upon hi started forward with a delighted ears. It had been a long, long time "Why, it's your husband-it's Mr. affection, yet now he was moved by

But her words died on her lips. familiar impulse came to him. He Alice Gray's fingers closed like a laid down his knife and fork and vice on her arm and the hand dragged stared at her stolidly, frowning her aside. Something ugly and undeeply. He thought of getting up and pleasant flashed into Lucy's mind. patting her shoulder; he tried to There was a whirling silence, a dizzy- think of something to say, and in his ing moment while her pulse raced perplexity began to talk at random, and her breath was still. Then, un- He did not know how to be gentle; conscious and still chatting amiably. he had forgotten how to be tender Alonzo Gray and his companion The iron bonds of habit were too well passed into the street.

forged about him. He had always "Two, please—and in the corner. treated his wife with contumely, and I like those upholstered seats." Alice now when he strove to reach her Gray composedly addressed herself to Gray composedly addressed herself to troubled spirit with gentler words the head waiter and serenely followed he found himself only mouthing him into the cool and flower-scented justification of his actions that mornrestaurant. ing. Lucy could not suspect that be-

UCY, shaken, bewildered, the sig- him the first concern for her he had

nificence of what had occurred known in years. Only the dogged still half guessed, mechanically reiteration of the facts about the obeyed. Mechanically she ungloved her hands, mechanically she pushed Her sobbing fell silent, but she still stray locks of hair up under her hat, pressed her palms to her cheeks, her mechanically she ordered. But when fingers to her eyes. Presently she the obsequious head waiter had murmured: "Bien, madame," and had de- of the cream; now it was of his virparted, she could only keep her eyes tues he discoursed. her plate and sit tongue-tied, fearful of any comment she might hazard, go and come as you please; you have miserably conscious of what must be her friend's humiliation and discomfiture. That unquestionably had every month, and I never let the first been Alonzo Gray, and the woman with him had been-Lucy knew with unmistakable intuition that the woman was not of her world. Alice had seen it all: she had understood and had saved Lucy from precipitating a frightfully embarrassing encounter. And it had been Alonzo! Alonzo, the devoted, attentive, considerate companion-the sharer of her marriage vows-her mate, her man, her lawful wedded husband. About Lucy's head came tumbling a castle's walls and in her ears there roared the sound of crumbling masonry. She shuddered and bent her face closer to the white

"My dear-my dear," Alice Gray laid her hand on Lucy's arm. "You mustn't feel so badly. I understand what's passing in your mind-but, my dear, you mustn't concern yourself on my account! I know. I know

Lucy met her friend's unruffled nothing on my account. I don't care gaze with widening eyes and parted how wicked you are. All I want you lips. Mrs. Gray smiled at her, a wry. to do is to be kind to me, Tom-be twisted little smile.

that I need in a husband; he is con- little!" (Copyright, 1922. All rights reserved) French Honors for U. S. Newspaperdom PARIS, July 12, 1922. HE French government has done an unusual honor to American newspaperdom in giving a permanent place in its art galleries to the portrait of Frank B. Noyes, president of the Associated Press, painted by Ossip Perelma. Final delivery by the artist was made have him suspect I've learned for on April 16, and the painting is now on anything in the world. You see, he view at the Grand Palais des Champswouldn't want to hurt me, and he Elysees, in the large hall adjoining the would think that if I knew, I would annual salons where state acquired canbe offended. But I have no more vases are first put on exhibition, await feeling of jealously for this passing ing their final destination in the Lux-

By W. J. Locke fancy of his than I would have for a good cigar he enoys after dinner.
Oh, I know my views are anything ton, the home of Mr. Noyes, when Perelton, the home of Mr. Noyes, when Perelton, the home of Mr. Noyes, when Perel-States, which lasted for several years and on which he received commissions

to do many notable personages. At San Francisco he painted Senator Ford's portrait for him. At Detroit, it the Detroit News. At Dayton, he did

Gov. Cox. At Baltimore, he began Then the Russian painter did a novel

hard blue eyes, not of the enthusiast I am thoroughly content. What else own works that attracted great attention. It consisted of a hundred and more of these portraits of American men-men only. It approximated the HER own apartment smelled close to first gallery of representative American men ever presented to the gaze of Europe. Many of the names had become household words in Paris at the time of the peace conference. Among these portraits was that of

wearily at the familiar walls about her: the president of the Associated Press. there was the old faded sofa, the ugly which a French government decree, stain of ink near the table, the table lic instruction and beaux-arts, makes itself with its missing castor; even her a permanent acquisition of the state. father's protrait hung askew from the It is the third work of Perelma to

molding. In the bedroom were the find an official place in France. The tumbled beds, and the kitchen smelled first is the Metchnikoff portrait, which of stale food and dirty, soaking dishes. hangs in the library of the Pasteur In-It was just like her life, empty and stitute. The other is "The Smile of Victory," acquired by the French gov ernment from the exposition of Rouen about getting dinner, washing the dishes in full war time (1916).

Unlike most works of the "Russian Rembrandt," the present portrait is in bright colors. Mr. Noyes, in white tennis suit, is seated in a chair in his garden, which is all aglow with radiant sunlight and the colors of flowers and fruits. In the mind of the painter. who is an enthusiast of American types, there is a kind of symbolism in this light and color and "the ambi ance of happiness and perfume" of and was reading the evening paper with American life and character as he feet cocked over one hard, upholstered found it-a parallel in "the generosity her; he would have none; a dark and greatness of soul of these men!

STERLING HEILIG

Liquefying Carbon.

ARBON may be melted and maintained in a liquid condition, according to the experiments of a French investigator. The heating was effected under great pressure in the electric furnace, and a curious phenomenon was noticed at 1,500 atmospheres, namely, that after a brice faiure of the arc, the current refused to pass even when the power was much increased. It is supposed that as the carbon passed into a liquid made to include a sudden cooling of water of the interior of the pressure vessel. The minute diamonds were recognized in the gray powder thus obtained, the result being, however, not wholly satisfactory.

Scientific methods for cutting down

THE FICKLE GODDESS

(Continued from Second

minutes' walk to the Hotel de l'Eu- the vole in one hand. The third and shamed him at the tables. It was couple of packs of cards and a supply moments the Comte de Lussigny appeared. Aristide offered him a twofranc corona, which was ceremoni- all outer things in the thrill of the ously accepted. Then he tore the encounter. They snarled the stereo- says she will never hold up her head wrapping off one of the packs of typed phrases necessary for the con- again. Her heart is broken."

"I should like to deal two hands at for the adversary. It was Aristide's "She smiled sadly, "It will be ecarte. It signifies nothing. It is deal. Before turning up the eleventh question of time. But she is grateful an experiment. Will you cut?"

"Volontiers," said the count. Aristide took up the pack, dealt three cards to the count, three cards to himself, two cards to the count, two to himself, and turned up the king of hearts as the eleventh card. 'Monsieur." said he, "expose your

hand and I will expose mine." Both men threw their hands face was full of trumps, the count's of valueless cards.

HE looked at his adversary with his count looked at him darkly. "The

sinister significance. "But I am not ordinary in anything. my dear sir," laughed Aristide in his large boastfulness. "If I were, do you think I would have agreed to as he cut. He cut an eight. Aristide way and departed a very happy man. site flashed the white mass of the your absurd proposal? Voyons, I only gave a little gasp of joy and cut wanted to show you that in dealing quickly. He held up a knave and cards I am your equal. Now, the letters-" The count threw a small short as he saw the count about to preposterous bouquet of flowers, of the gardens in riotous greenery. packet on the table. "You will permit me? I do not wish to read them. I verify only. "Good," said he. "And the confession?"

"What you like," said the count coldly. Aristide scribbled a few lines that would have been devastating to the character of a Hyrcanean tiger and handed the paper and fountain pen to the count.

"Will you sign?" The count glanced at the words and

'Voila," said Aristide, laying Mrs Errington's cheque beside the documents. "Now let us play. The best of three 'games?"

"Good," said the count. "But yo will excuse me, monsieur, if I claim to play for ready money. The cheque will take five days to negotiate and if I lose I shall evidently have to leave Aix tomorrow morning."

"That's reasonable," said Aristide He drew out his fat note case and counted twenty-five one-thousandfranc potes on to the table. And then began the most exciting game of eards he had ever played. In the first place he was playing with another as girl's honor and happiness .. Secof ecarte. And thirdly he knew that his adversary would cheat if he could train. and that his adversary suspected him of fraudulent designs. So as they man's fingers with fierce intensity. the day before

At the bureau he ordered a final game began. They played brave of you." slowly, carefully, with keen, quick

like a cat's. Aristide lost sense of daughter, madame?" duct of the game. At last the points stood at four for Aristide and three said Aristide.

won. He flicked it neatly face upward. It was not the king. "I'en donne."

"Non. Le roi." game was lost."

He sat back white, while the count, Both men threw their hands face uppermost on the table. Aristide's smiling, gathered up the bank notes. nestly. "And shall I not have the separating the bank from the cafe tide might make of a damning conimpudently, "I am willing to sell you Betty again?"

this rubbish for the cheque." Aristide jumped to his feet. how to deal like that," he said with will play again for it. Not ecarte. am." One cut of the cards. Ace lowest."

"All right," said the count. "Begin, you." Aristide watched his hand like a cat aughed aloud. Then he stopped and grabbed them first, the other

man's hand on his. "Canaille!"

HE dashed his free hand into the Pujol." adventurer's face. The man stag- For the next few days Aix seemed gered back. Aristide pocketed the to be tame and colorless. In an inprecious papers. The count scowled explicable fashion, too, it had beat him for an undecided second and come unprofitable. Aristide no longer then bolted from the room.

was a narrow escape."

He looked at his watch. It was only for the cheque at the Credit Lyonnais 10 o'clock. It had seemed as if his he had only fifty pounds and some odd rame with Lussigny had lasted for silver left. Aristide, looking at the hours. He could not go to bed and remainder rather ruefully, made a stood confronted with anti-climax. great resolution. He would samble After a while he went in search of no more. Already he was richer than Eugene Miller and, having found him he had ever been in his life. in solitary meditation on stained would leave Aix. Tiens! Why should glass windows in the dim-lit grounds he not go to his good friends at Boof the villa, sat down by his side and cardons at Nimes, bringing with him for the rest of the evening poured his a gold chain for Bocardon and a pair peculiar knowledge of Europe into of earrings for the adorable Zette? the listening ear of the young man There he would look about him. He from Atlanta

as he was dressed, he learned from Then he would visit the Erringtons undly he was pitted against a master the concierge that the Comte de Lus- in England, and if the beautiful Miss signy had left for Paris by the early Betty smiled on him-why, after all he was an honest man, without a

"Good," said Aristide. feather on his conscience. A little later Mrs. Errington met played each map craned his head him in the lounge and accompanied marched into the office of the Credit forward and looked at the other him to the lawn, where they had sat Lyonnais, went into the inner room

wiped the sweat from his fore- Monsieur Pujol," she said, with tears were to collect. I am sorry. It has mocking drama. Aristide trod on air during the two head. In the second game he won in her eyes. "I have heard how you come back from the London bankers."

"It was nothing." He shrugged his sieur? Not known. No account. of drinks and went to his palatial eyes. Their breathing came hard. shoulders as if he were in the habit The cashier pointed to the grim words of drinks and went to his parated. The count's lips, parted beneath his of doing deeds like that every day across the cheque.

"Poor Betty! She is prostrate. She

"It is young and will be mended," card he paused for the fraction of a to you, Monsieur Pujol. She realizes second. If it was the king, he had from what a terrible fate you have

saved her." She sighed. There was a brief silence. "After this," she continued, "a further stay in Aix would be too painful. The count played and marked the We have decided to take the Savoy

king. Aristide had no trumps. The express this evening and get back to our quiet home in Somerset.' "Ah, madame," said Aristide ear

"And now, Monsieur Pujol," said he pleasure of seeing the charming Miss "You will come and stay with us in "Never!" he cried. Madness seized Why not fix a date? You have my absently. Yes, it was some mistake.

September. Let me see? The 15th. him. Regardless of the fact that he address? No? Will you write it Mrs. Errington in her agitation must roguish, triumphant smile. The had nothing like another thousand down?" She dictated: "Wrotesly have used the wrong cheque book. pounds left were with to repay Mrs. Manor, Burnholme, Somerset. There But even rich English people do not ordinary cardplayer does not know Errington if he lost, he shouted: "I I'll try to show you how grateful 1

> SHE extended her hand. He bowed over it and kissed in in his French him in the August sunshine. Oppo-The Erringtons left that evening. Aristide waylaid them as they were the old Roman arch of Titus, gray entering the hotel omnibus with a pounce on the documents and the which he presented to Betty, whose There on the right, marking the hour cheque. He made a swift movement pretty face was hidden by a motor veil. He bowed, laid his hand on his heart and said: "Adieu, mademoi-

> > selle." "No," she said in a low voice, But across the Comptoir National was the most graciously, "Au revoir, Monsieur well knit figure of the young man

knew that he was going to win, and "Whew!" said Aristide, sinking into he did not win. He lost considerhis chair and wining his face. "That lably. So much so that on the morn ing when he was to draw the cash would use the thousand pounds as a to come there in Septmeber. Fif-On the following morning, as soon stepping-stone to legitimate fortune.

> He went on indignantly. Aristide So, fauntily swinging his cane, h composed his face into an expression of parental interest, but within him

UCY could not resist. She was not bought it a month before.

alluded to Mr. Gray and his wife, who with her own. And upon these re- danced with excitement as she caught this friend's pleasure, even though she friend on the top of a 5th avenue fived in the adjoining apartment, and flections came Alice Gray, her sweet, Lucy's hand. There was nothing to felt the injustice of Alice Gray's hav- bus, the spring sunshine flooding the that had proved the spark to his anger. composed face free of worry, her detain her, she had never visited Bos- ing so much and herself so little. city, the street gay with fashionably

"How come back?"

t it in a dased way.

thousand francs?"

"It has not been honored. See, mon-

"Comprends pas," faltered Aristide.

you the cheque has no account at this

Aristide took the cheque and looked

"Then I do not get my twenty-five

A What did it mean? His thousand

pounds could not be lost. It was im-

possible. There was some mistake

It was an evil dream. With a heavy

mechanically crossed the little street

on the Place Carnot. There he sat

hovered in front of him. "Monsieur

desire?" Aristide waved him away

carry about with them a circulating

library assortment of cheque books.

It was incomprehensible-and mean-

Etablissement des Bains. There was

and venerable. There were the trees

of eleven on its black face, was the

clock of the Comptoir National. It

was Aix-familiar Aix-not a land of

dreams. And there coming rapidly

Eugene Miller, in a fine frenzy,

threw himself into a chair beside

"See here. Can you understand

He thrust into his hand a pink strip

of paper. It was a cheque for a hun-

Miller, esquire, signed by Mary Er-

"Tonnerre de Dieu!" cried Aristide.

"How did I get it? I cashed it for

her the day she went away. She

from Aix-no time to wire for funds-

wanted to pay her hotel bill-and she

lish home in Somerset and invited me

teenth of September. Said that you

were coming. And now I've got a

bum cheque. I guess I can't wander

about this country alone. I need

"How did you get this?"

from Atlanta.

Aristide.

whip."

this?"

while, his thousand pounds.

"Evidently not." said the cashier.

only been able to wear once since she small enough to refuse to share Later, seated beside her radiant

And the bitter feelings of the early dressed women, she caught some-

THE Comte de Lussigny, the mild

conspired as soon as he had accused

the count of cheating. The rascal

must have gone straight to them from

Miller's room. No wonder that Lus-

signy, when insulted at the tables,

had sat like a tame rabbit and had

sought him in the garden. No won-

der he had accepted the accusation of

adventurer. No wonder he had re-

he knew to be valueless. But why

consent to sell the papers on the

wonderful thousand pounds.

and ever shall be.

He reflected, still keeping an atten-

Mrs. Errington and the beautiful

and gayly chatting together, they encountered Alonzo Gray and a handsomely dresssed woman. A happy ex-

start today. "But. Mr. Puiol." said the somewhat He, Aristide Pujol, was the most sweetly, the most completely swindled

"I am more than a man. I am a sol. dier. I am a soldier of fortune. The lawful wife, why should I concern my-Betty were in league together and for all worldly goods two hundred and fifty dollars, with which I shall way, as he is, than have him drink slapped his chest, "I am the only Europe." The young man fixed upon him the

for stained-glass windows, but of the matters?" senior partner in the boot factory of Atlanta, Ga. "I believe you," said he. "It's a

"And now," said Aristide, after hav stipulation that he should be paid in ing shaken hands, "come and lunch went out of the Gedit Lyonnais and He wanted to get everything for with me at Nikola's for the last time." nothing, afraid of the use that Aris-He rose, stretched out both arms i fession, and also relying for success

> It is the dream of my life." interjecting a sympathetic word, that

after he had paid his hotel bill he would be as poor on quitting Aix-lesradiantly happy. Bains as he was when he had entered (Copyright. All rights reserved.) it. Slo transit. As it was in the beginning with Aristide Pujol, is now

phire tie-pin and a gold watch, and l'air. I'm still rich." "Who would have thought she was

"But I have my clothes—such clothes

as I've never had in my life," thought

Aristide. "And a diamond and sap-

pounds, too. A lot of money." have confessed himself a fellow victim. "I don't care a cent for the hundred

pounds," cried the young man. "Our factory turns out seven hundred and fore the Philosophical Society in Lonsixty-seven million pairs of boots per annum." (Aristide, not I, is responsible for the statistics.) "But I have dred pounds, made payable to Eugene a feeling that in this hoary country I'm just a little toddling child. And rington, and marked "Not known. No I hate it. I do, sir. I want a nurse to take me round."

* * * * A RISTIDE flashed the lightning of that the difference between day and his wit upon the young man from night is quite sufficient to account Atlanta, Ga. "You do, my dear young said urgent affairs summoned her friend. I'll be your nurse, at a weekly required. salary-say, a hundred france-it; Similar principles apply gave me the address of her old Eng-lish home in Somerset and invited me "Yes," said Aristide, with a convinc-Tromso to Cap Spartivento-that you

"I particularly want to see those in the Church of St. Sabald, in Nuremthere was shivering and sickening up- "I know them the my pocket," said canneries in the world

world. I know them all."

bewildered Georgian. "I thought you

were a man of fortune."

thought Aristide did he not at once deal. Shake.'

the young man. Finally he had desired to get hold of "We lunch. We eat ambrosia. Ther a dangerous cheque. In that he had we go out together and see the wonbeen foiled. But the trio had got derful world through the glass-blood away with his thousand pounds, his of saints and martyrs and apostles Louis Quatorze. Viens, mon cher ami. tive eye on young Eugene Miller and

Practically penniless and absolutely disillusioned, the amazing man was

Heat and Life.

WE often speak of our bodies as machines or engines working upon principles similar to those emall sorts of other things. Tron de ployed in mechanics. The idea that the food we eat resembles in its achad thrown himself down on the sofa, tion the fuel supplied to a furnace is like that?" said he. "And a hundred familiar, and yet one can hardly avoid a little start of surprise upon learning arm. He had no word of greeting for of nature in that garden and in the For nothing in the world would he that the laws of heat-engines are soberly applied to explain the growth of plant and animal life.

esting way by a British scientist be- | half-hour and called him to dinner. He did not stop to wash his face or don. He points out, for instance, that the increase of available energy, resulting from the building up of a plant out of inorganic materials, can only be explained, in accordance with thermo-dynamic laws, by differences of temperature during the growth of the plant, and his caluculations show for the differences of temperature

doesn't matter. We will not quar- growth of animals. Nature gives nothing for nothing, and demands an exact equivalent for every exing flourish. "I'll clear robbers and penditure of her energies, whether sirens and harpies from your path. she is aiding man to drive an engine, I'll show you things in Europe-from causing an oak to grow, or building up the muscles of an athlete or the weeping. never dreamed of. I'll lead you to brain of a philosopher. And as far blinkers and harness and a man with every stained-glass window. in the as her work upon the planet is concerned, the source of her supplies in

Monelulu has the largest pines

sullen silence would enwrap him for She put the food on the table at the

as he was, sullenly, silently, and hunch-ed his chair up to his place. Without a glance at her, he began to eat. She watched him lifting the food to his hot blacuits she had made for him with thick, hard dabs of butter, she watche him as he moved his heavy, muscular taws, slowly and deliberately masticating. There he sat, glum, lowering, un-Suddenly something snapped in her. and transparent state, it assumed a She screamed; she screamed pierc- rare allotropic form, becoming a non She conductor. The test was too brief for buried her face in her hands, forcing a study of this condition, but was the fingers deep into her cycbalis. the molten carbon by a flooding with Then she began to sob brokenly, passionately, all the grief pent up in her bursting out in an agony of TN thirteen years Tom Vallentine had

never seen his wife cry. He was He watched her in pained uneasiness for some minutes, groping about in his mind for some way to check the